

38 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

- And will not brook her Stay,*
MOL. *Put of this ill-tim'd Fury;*
It won't avail assure you;
Assure you;
I shall not budge to Day.
SUK. *Unless this Place she flies,*
I'll tear out both her Eyes;
Hear this Minx then tremble and obey,
MOL. *You would be absolute,*
But I your Power dispute;
And tell you, if you can you may.
SUK. *And is she permitted to jest with a Rage,*
MOL. *'Tis just as you see;*
I am frolick and free;
SUK. *An ample Revenge shall my Passion asswage.*
PLEAD. *Zounds why do you make such a Rout,*
SUK. *I'll humble the Pride of the Slut if I live,*
MOL. *You'll find it a difficult Task I believe;*
PLEAD. *Then Prithee Girls fight it out.*

SCENE XI.

PLEADWEL, Mrs. PLAINSTITCH, SUKEY, MOLLY.

PLAINSTITCH.

Where is this lovely, dear deluding Man,
 Fram'd to be false ingrate and to trepan;
 Bless me my Girls! — O Mischief on my Head,
 What have I poor unlucky Creature said!
 ' Gipsies, Oh Patience Heaven — how could you
 dare,
 ' In spite of all my Caution and my Care,
 ' To leave your Work neglected and appear,
 ' Like guilty Culprits — braving Justice here.

PLEADWELL.

Patience, this time your Aid I Justly call;
 For too much Woman's worse than none at all.

PLAINSTITCH.

' Base Wretch remember fatal Y ester-night
 ' You can't pretend to say you've done me right.

PLEAD-

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PLEADWELL (*to SUK. and MOL.*)

‘ Ladies, I think to serve our general Ends,
‘ We should forget our Feuds and all be Friends ;
‘ As the three Kingdoms Cavil every Day,
‘ On which the Load of infamy to lay ;
‘ Yet should a Foreign Army be in Sight,
‘ They’d all grow Friends and Cordially unite ;
‘ So we should let offending Discord go,
‘ And join our Force against the Common Foe.

‘ PLAINSTITCH.

‘ How shall I stifle now my rising Phlegm,
‘ Are all, are all his Thoughts employ’d on them ;
‘ Shall they such Chitty Jades so happy be,
‘ And can he not bestow one word on me ;
‘ Hence from my Sight, avoid this wicked Room,
‘ Go you ungracious Minxes, get you home.

SCENE XII.

To them HUNKS.

PLEADWELL.

Silence. —————

HUNKS.

————— Sir, I’m a Man you’ll gladly see,
This Hand brings Bus’ness in it, this a Fee ;
Peruse this Settlement direct you must,
Correct it finely and the whole adjust,

PLEADWELL,

‘ Sir I’ll do’t.

HUNKS.

————— ‘ Here the Instructions be,
‘ This and the Parson gives a Wife to me ;
‘ I in return to make my *Plainstitch* great,
‘ Give with myself — a very good Estate,
Bless me what’s here to do — ha! do I live,
Do either Eyes or Spectacles deceive,
My Mistress here ! I am struck Dumb with wonder,
False, fickle, cruel, handsome—S’blud and Thunder;

‘ Give

40 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

‘ Give me the Settlement again — I’m glad,
‘ I’ve found you out my Duck —

PLEADWELL.

————— Sir, are you mad?

HUNKS.

‘ Not quite so mad as she and you would make
me,

‘ Nor yet the fondling Fool for which you take me ;
Give me the Guinea back and let me go.

PLEADWELL.

That is a Thing indeed I never do ;
The Settlement take hence, Sir, if you please ;
But Custom bids me ne’er return our Fees.

HUNKS.

Give me the Fee ;

PLAINSTITCH.

Be pacify’d my Dear ----

HUNKS.

No, I’ll prevent the Horns from growing here :
What, the Estate I now too plainly see,
Mortgag’d to him, you’d sell outright to me ;
Were I to buy, ’tis greatly to be fear’d,
The curst Incumbrance never will be clear’d ;
‘ His Claim would fright me ev’ry Night and Mor-
ning,

‘ Left he Eject me at a Minute’s Warning ;
Besides as it’s been Planting, Plowing, Sowing,
Disputes may rise about the Crop that’s growing,

PLAINSTITCH.

‘ Help me, oh help me, all ye Powers out,
‘ Is then my Virtue fallen into Doubt ;
‘ This Rage becomes you not ;

HUNKS.

————— ‘ Aye you say true,
‘ It fits on me like Modesty on you.

PLAINSTITCH

Have I for this withstood the pert Toupee,
The gay Gallant the Airy and the free ;

‘ The

- The Dancing Fop the Grave Wealth-getting
Cit,
- The Singing, Sighing Coxcomb and the Wit;
Have I, whilst Love has long in vain essay'd,
Liv'd Five and Fifty longing Years a Maid;
Baffed all Cupid's Wiles and Jugling Tricks,
And once said no, Sir, to a Coach and Six;
• And when on you, I'd only fix'd my Mind,
• To find you so remorseless, and unkind;
• Quite under-foot my Fame and Virtue trod,
• I like a Child could cry, who feels the Rod.

PLEADWELL.

For shame, Sir, to appease her Passion try,
Who can unmov'd behold a Lady cry?

HUNKS.

Aye, let her weep — the Crocodiles of *Nilus*,
Shed Tears to kill, and Coax us, to beguile us.

PLAINSTITCH.

- What shall I live, and let a Monster say,
• On him my Sighs and Tears are thrown away;
No, Sir, for this — tho' I your Love despise,
• Hold you quite loath'd as Poison to my Eyes:
• Tho' all you say or do can ne'er engage,
• Know that this Disrespect creates my Rage;
• And I have yet to grasp you left a Claw,
• I'll trounce you, Sir, I'll hamper you with Law;
• Witnesses I have of all that has been Spoken,
• I'll bring an Action, for your Contract broken;
• For Damages sustain'd, I'll make you rue,
• In *Doctōr's-Commons* play the Devil too.

HUNKS.

- Aye that will be the Devil.

PLAINSTITCH.

————— Did I care,
Plainly to make my Innocence appear;
My Girls can witness, 'twas to save my Fame,
That I to be suspected hither came.

SUKEY.

Yes, Sir, my Mistress came, truth must be known
Our Wills to bar [and gratify her own.] [*Aside.*]

PLAINSTITCH.

What say you, Monster, now?

HUNKS.

—— Why now I find,
I am compell'd on one Side to be blind,
And must, to 'scape the Fury of her Tongue,
Submit because I am not in the Wrong.
Forgive me, Dearest.

PLAINSTITCH.

—— No, my injur'd Fame,
Demands Attonement.

HUNKS.

—— I have been to blame,
But on my Knees, as humble as I can ;
I beg Forgiveness for a failing Man.

PLAINSTITCH.

' And do you think I'll let such Infamy,
' Pass quite forgotten and regardless by ?

HUNKS.

' Oh don't repeat my failings, I'll agree,
' Do what you will I'll not the Error see ;
' Do but consent to be my loving Wife,
' I'll be an humble Dotard all my Life ;
If Promises can to my Int'rest Fee you,
I'll let the very *Templer* come and see you ;
I'll prove ill-Fame is only made of Lies,
Nay, Horn me to my Face, I'll not believe my
Eyes.

PLEADWELL.

Dear Madam take your Lover to your Care,
think the Gentleman's Conditions fair.

PLAIN-

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PLAINSTITCH.

He knows my foolish Fondness well enough,
He knows I'm made of penetrable Stuff ;
' He knows my fond believing Love-sick Heart,
' Would burst with Grief, if he and I should part ;
If to a Reconcilement you encline,
On the Propos'd Conditions you are mine.

HUNKS.

' Give me your Hands, your Lips,

PLAINSTITCH.

———— ' Agreed,

HUNKS.

———— ' Content.

PLAINSTITCH.

' Dear Sir insert it in the Settlement.

SUKEY.

' They are agreed 'tis true, but I'm afraid,
' Our Peace will not so easily be made.

SCENE XIII.

PLEADWELL, HUNKS, TRIM *in a Barber's Dress*,
STAYTAPE *in a Taylor's Dress*, with a Suit of
Cloaths; Mrs. PLAINSTITCH, SUKEY, MOLLY.

TRIM.

Please to be shav'd Sir.

STAYTAPE.

—— Sir I've brought your Clothes.

MOLLY.

Bless me in Metamorphose both our Beaux.

TRIM.

Oh! ruin'd and undone.

STAYTAPE.

—— Quite blown, found out.

G 2

TRIM.

44 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

TRIM.

Disgrac'd,

STAYTAPPE.

----- Betray'd,

TRIM.

----- Nay Damn'd ;

PLEADWELL.

----- What means this Rout.

SUKEY.

Oh I shall burst ---- that Spark with Stockings
down,

In shabby Wig and torn distressed Gown ;
Threads round his neck, and Needles on his Sleeve,
Shoes down at Heels --- could you the Fact believe ;
Address me very finely Yesterday,
Drest in the Mode look'd like a Courtier gay :
Unmeaningly as any Parrot talk'd,
Like a *French* Dancer shambled as he walk'd,
And would as many pretty fancies shew you,
As Gallant *Dapper* Pug or fav'rite *Chloc*.

STAYTAPPE.

' Aye ----

' I see it plain, 'tis an apparent Case,

' I am irrevocably in Disgrace.

MOLLY.

Where is the Gay, engaging, Shanty Mien,
Are all our Graces banish'd quite and clean ;
No Similes to make of better Stuff,
Than the fine Wash-Ball and the Powder-Puff.

PLEADWELL.

Ladies I think this Treatment is not fair,
Upon my Honour you are too severe ;
Your Rage and ill-tim'd Spleen no further carry,
They' --- Husbands for you both, take up and Marry.

SUKEY.

' On hiscous.

PLEADWELL.

----- ' Why ?

MOLLY.

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MOLLY.

————— Abominable!

SUKEY.

————— Fye.

PLEADWELL.

‘ Come Come, ’tis indiscreet to be so shy.

SUKEY.

What Breast like mine, a Thought so mean can
harbour,
I with a Taylor Marry !

MOLLY.

————— I a Barber !

PLEADWELL.

Pshaw, they are Gentlemen, I know them both,
Of what I say, I’ll freely take my Oath ;
Men of Estates. but imitating *Jove*,
Knew you were here and chang’d their Shapes for love,
Good *Squires* give me your hands

TRIM.

————— Hey dey, hey hoe !

STAYTAPE

Hah what new Project’s on the Anvil now!

BOTH.

Good dear Sir tell us what you are about,

PLEADWELL.

Be wise and confidently bear all out.
As I have said, do you pretend to be,
Men of Estate and Eminent Degree ;
I know their Pride they can’t that Bate deny,
Gold makes more tender Maids than Love comply ;
So shall you gain what you’ve so long desir’d,
And I be quit of that with which I’m tir’d. *Aside.*

STAYTAPE.

Like Scarlet Cloth your Rosy Cheek appears,
Your Wit is sharper than a pair of Sheers ;
Such Flames to my poor Heart your Eyes send in,
They warm it like a Glass of *Holland’s Gin* :
Your

46 *The RIVAL MILLINERS: Or,*

Your Bosom whiter than a Parson's Band,
Softer than Bees-wax in the Sun your Hand;
Your Body neat with Bone and *Buckram* bar'd,
By far is streighter than a *Taylor's* Yard;
Whence wanton Love has let his Power loose
Which burns and presses on me like a Goose.

SUKEY.

Fool, Ideot, Coxcomb —

TRIM.

————— *Molly* do not Fly,
Stay and behold me, if I'm doom'd to die.

PLEADWELL,

'Sdeath are you Fools — Marry at once and be,
From Scandal, Mistrefs, and Indentures free;
Besides they've Lands I say—the Lord knows where,
Houses well built, and Castles in the Air. [*Aside.*]

SUKEY.

Well you have laid such Noble Reasons down,
I must in spite of Pride my Passion own.

MOLLY.

And I indeed begin my Pride to see,
He has and Love work'd Miracles on me;

TRIM.

' Shall I believe my Happiness or no.

STAYTAPE.

' My Joy like a Spring Tide begins to flow,
' And if my *Sukey* don't receive her part,
' It will break down the Flood-gates of my Heart.

PLEADWELL.

Each of his Fair, long Courted now possess,
Thinks in himself he is compleatly Blest;
While I more gaiety of Life to see,
Imagine I am blest in being free;
But if Domestick Discords should arise,
Obnoxious to yourselves and Families,
Hope that some Comfort may attend your Lives,
For now and then I'll Visit all your Wives.

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A I R XXVI. *You Mad Caps of England.*

I.

PLEAD. *The Stage turn'd to Farce by the Wits is
decry'd,
But the Town are the Jury by which we'll
be try'd ;
And by that the whole World is with rea-
son confest,
To be nothing but Folly and Farce at the
best.*

Farce all.

II.

PLAIN. *The Court is a Farce where we frequently
see,
The Bishop and Atheist shake Hands and a-
gree ;
Where you hear a grave Lord very seriously
call,
A Miss Maid of Honour, who's no Maid
at all.*

Maids all.

III.

TRIM. *The Law is a Farce full of Bus'ness and
Trouble,
A Fund of Vexation, a Westminster Bubble;
Where while the Scene lasts, Knaves fall
out for a Fee,
When its over are Friends like my Molly
and me.*

Knaves all.

IV.

MOLLY. *Lawn Sleeves upon Honest Men's Arms
are so scarce,
The Lay think the Priests make Religion a
Farce ;
Where they Preach up firm Doctrines to
credulous Elves,
But make Applications alone for themselves.*

Cheats all.

V. TRIM.

V.

TRIM. ' *That Love is a Farce won't admit of a
Doubt.*

' *For after fond sighing and making a rout;*

' *The Nymph blames her Spark for his
Swearing and Lies,*

' *When to Pleasure herself she so kindly
complies.*

Frail all.

VI.

MOLLY. ' *But when Marriage dull Marriage the
Carpet comes on,*

' *I'm greatly afraid that the Farce will
be done,*

' *For that is an Act which too often does
prove,*

' *The Catastrophe dreadful of Farces and
Love.*

Fools all.

VII.

PLEAD. *Our Parts are all over yet yours still remain,
To damn or release us at once from our pain:
With the Poet I'm Counsel, so pleading his
Cause,*

I move the Court humbly to give us applause.

Clap all.

F I N I S.